Maneater: Hunger

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Maneater: Hunger

by RedFive

Summary

COMPLETED: After wrapping up their latest case, Hannibal and Will are stranded in Atlanta on their way home to Baltimore. To kill time, the two men take a trip to the Georgia Aquarium. This is a sequel to my Jaws AU, Maneater. Highly recommended that you start there as this timestamp spoils everything.

Notes

FMF prompt for Necronon. Thank you for your patience. I hope you enjoy!

If you're a new reader, do not, I repeat: DO NOT read this before reading Maneater as it will spoil basically everything. I hope you will check out and enjoy the original fic because Maneater is a series that is near and dear to me for many reasons.

Hunger was beta'ed by @wolftrapqueen27 who also held my hand through all of Maneater. Love you lots, deer! <3

Catch

It was a weekday, but you wouldn't have known it from the crowds. With so many people trapped in the city, Tuesday might as well have been Saturday.

Will bought their tickets to the aquarium since Hannibal had footed the bill for their hotel room, but that hadn't settled Will's stomach about it. The whole situation was a nightmare. A massive fire at the airport had stuttered transportation and stranded travelers in the city, so hotel options were scarce. After factoring in the Bureau's travel & entertainment restrictions, Hannibal and Will had been looking at a long night spent in their rental car, which Hannibal was having none of. After a fight and an ill-timed bout of fever, Will had given up, allowing "Daddy Warbucks" to brandish his platinum card and save the day.

Hannibal didn't know about the fever. Will had kept silent about it and suggested they do something in the city until the airport reopened. The last thing he needed right now was Hannibal hovering over him in the fancy hotel room he had paid for. Will needed time to think and acclimate to his new reality—a reality where he was dating his therapist. In a way it was good they were not headed back to Baltimore right now. He wasn't sure how he was going to explain Hannibal's new position in his life to Jack or the rest of the team. Fortunately, the distraction worked. The promise of a real official date had been a bait Hannibal could not resist.

They skipped the tidal pool, which was swarming with schools of small children trying to pet starfish and small stingrays. Instead, they headed first to the exhibits themselves. Originally, Will had picked the aquarium as a joke, but Hannibal had loved it regardless. He should have known better. Hannibal was a man who always appreciated a good theme. Plus, the Atlanta Aquarium was particularly notable in its field for being the only place outside of Japan where one could see a captive whale shark. Unfortunately, it was also particularly notorious in that regard, having already lost four of the sharks in its care. Will wished he had known that before he bought the tickets. He hadn't known about the Aquarium's dark underbelly until they found the exhibit wherein the dead sharks were memorialized on a wall for "their contributions to science." It was propaganda, nothing more. As long as there was money to be made in the novelty of viewing a live whale shark, the sharks would keep coming. At least Hannibal seemed not to mind.

It was quieter here among the ancillary exhibits, anemones and sea urchins being less exciting to the general public than the big sharks. If they only knew…

Deadly poison thrummed in the veins of every creature in this room. *'Does that include me too?'* Will wondered. He looked down at his right hand, the hand that had just recently fired the gun that took Michelle's life. *'It was self-defense,'* he reminded himself. *'And she was a murderer...'*

So was Hobbs, and yet, killing Michelle had been even easier than killing him or firing on Stammets. Was it just because he had been brought onto the case earlier and was thus closer to her victims? Or was it because he'd gotten closer to her too by proxy. Will looked over at

Hannibal and caught him scenting the air like a bloodhound. Although, the pale blue lighting helped mask Will's flush, it apparently had not been enough. He braced himself for the interrogation he knew was coming.

"You don't look well, Will."

"I'm fine," Will said while staring at a brass placard with intentional interest. '*Hapalochlaena lunulata*, the blue-ringed octopus. Specimen is on loan from the Baltimore Aquarium,' the placard read. Will didn't see an octopus in the tank, leaving him to wonder whether it was hiding or had somehow gotten out. Octopuses were known to do that.

"How long?" Hannibal asked inquiring about his fever.

Will ignored him and pointedly checked his phone for an update about the airport fire. There was nothing. He did have a text from Brody wishing him and Hannibal a safe trip home.

"We can go back," Hannibal suggested.

"I'm ***fine***." Will reiterated peevishly. He was sure that he didn't want to be back at the hotel with Hannibal fussing over him like a porcelain doll. "Let's not waste today," he said and put his phone away. Then he lead Hannibal toward the next group of exhibits by the hand to shut him up.

Hannibal relaxed at his touch and fixed a soft stare at Will while Will pretended to look at the resin school of fish suspended from the ceiling with clear wire. Say it for the Atlanta Aquarium, they knew how to put on a show. Despite its boxy exterior, the architects had done their best to hide the steel supporting girders of the interior structure in order to transport patrons to their cartoonish facsimile of a coral reef. It was childlike in appearance, but not unimpressive, and for Will's purposes, it was perfect. The only way he could deal with both Hannibal and his feelings for Hannibal was by processing them outside of real space.

The day continued on in much the same manner, with Will observing the fish while Hannibal observed Will. It was intimidating, being the center of Hannibal's attention in this context. Will thought it would be harder to navigate on this new heading. He thought he'd feel rusty and awkward when it came to dating, but Hannibal made it easy for both of them. He never shut up for starters, which left little room for uncomfortable silences, and let Will lead for the most part.

They went through each exhibit, saving the sharks for last, until Will asked about a late lunch, which brought the honeymoon to an abrupt end.

"If you're hungry, we should wrap it up here and return to the hotel. I've made plans for dinner." It figured. Food would be the one area where Hannibal got all controlling.

Will groaned. "Plans? "Plans" sounds fancy."

"Nothing of the kind."

Will shot Hannibal a look overflowing with disbelief.

Hannibal placed his hand over his heart. “On my honor, I promise it will be a casual, private affair. We won’t even have to leave our room. I’ve already arranged for everything I’ll need to be brought to us.”

Will retracted his next crack about the string quartet as Hannibal’s words triggered a flood of memories. ″Our room.″ As in ***one*** room. Images flashed in front of Will’s eyes like a strobe light and overwhelmed him momentarily. He felt Hannibal’s breath across his lips, and his tongue moving to push his mouth open. They had only made out the one time onboard the *Jonah,* in the direct aftermath of their confrontation with Michelle. They’d slept in separate rooms ever since and not discussed the incident other than to check-in briefly to make sure the other was not freaking out. That’s when the handholding started, but nothing more than that had passed between them. Hannibal was true to his word that he would not push Will to do anything before he was ready. But that had not been the only vow Hannibal had made that night. *‘I promise when I do finally have you, I will wine you and dine you to excess before fucking you properly.’*

Premium room. The aquarium date. Dinner. It was adding up.

“Will?” Hannibal said concerned. But in his memories, he heard Hannibal murmur his name with quite a different intent. Will shook his head back and forth struggling to place the two Hannibals back in their own timelines. He felt an arm wrap around his waist supporting him, but he also felt two hands pin him down to the mattress by his shoulders. He smelled salt. He smelled cedar. He smelled sweat and fancy cologne. But most importantly, he smelled Hannibal...everywhere.

“WILL!”

Time resumed its normal flow, and the roar of the ocean receded into the laughter of children surrounding them on all sides. When he came to full awareness, Will found himself in Hannibal’s arms shaking.

“Are you with me, Will?”

Will realized he’d been falling and was only standing now thanks to Hannibal’s support. After his tremors subsided, he found his footing and apologized for his near faint, but the damage was already done.

“We should go back. I pushed you too hard,” Hannibal said in full doctor mode now.

“We’re almost done, and I’m fine now. It was just a passing weakness.”

“Passing weakness? Will that was a seizure!”

“A mild one. *And I’m fine now* ,” he repeated.

“A MILD—!?!,” Hannibal swallowed his rage and took a moment to tighten his tie. “Hrmph. Mild indeed. You don’t understand what it’s like for me or Ms. Katz or Alana when you have these episodes. I don’t know where you go or who you become.”

Will startled. “Become?” That concerned him more than the seizure since it spoke to his greatest fear, which Hannibal knew. Damn him.

Hannibal looked at the gathering crowd who had taken notice of Will’s episode. “Not here. You want to see the sharks? Fine. Let’s go find a place to sit down where we can watch them swim. That shouldn’t be too much for you.”

“Are you angry with me?” Will asked. It surprised him that he felt concerned by this. Hannibal was often angry with him—occasionally by design as Will loved to tease him. It would be profoundly annoying if he’d lost that avenue for entertainment by falling for the pompous jerk.

Hannibal ran a hand through his hair mussing it slightly. “Yes. And no. I’m annoyed at myself for letting this—“, he paused and seemed at loss for words. It lasted only a moment, however, “—for not seeing the signs earlier and insisting that you get proper medical care before we came on this trip.”

Will smiled and threaded his whole arm through Hannibal’s. “It’s a good thing then that I wasn’t alone.”

Hannibal cast a look of suspicion on him. “Flattery will get you nowhere. I am a doctor first and foremost.”

“Yes, yes, and you’ve sworn to do no harm. I get it.” He said and patted Hannibal’s elbow.

He didn’t answer.

“If we hadn’t come to Georgia, Michelle might have killed more people,” Will explained.

“Or you’d have caught her sooner if your mind was clearer.”

Will sighed. He had a point there. “Let’s hope you’re right. Maybe getting better will help me catch the Ripper when we get back.”

Hannibal laughed. “Oh, the Ripper will be caught. Soon I imagine. You’re too smart for him.”

“I wish I had your confidence.”

“Care to make a bet?” Hannibal said with a wide grin that showed all his teeth.

This was different. Hannibal? The gambler? “I didn’t think you were the type...but sure.”

“You will catch the Ripper within six months.” Hannibal said holding up as many fingers. “That is my prediction.”

God he hoped so. Will didn’t want to think about the number of bodies the Ripper would rack up if it took longer than that. “And if you win?”

“You run away with me,” Hannibal said without laughing this time. “For a period of no less than one month. We’ll get a boat, larger than the *Jonah* of course, and travel the Mediterranean together. I want to show you Cyprus. Santorini. Valletta.” His voice grew quiet as he looked toward an invisible horizon. “And we wouldn’t have to stop, Will…Not if we didn’t want to. We could just keep going.” Hannibal harbored a peculiar sort of pain on his features, one Will couldn’t understand given how happy he’d been a moment ago. It was hopeful and it was bitter at the same.

Will blushed. “I’ll work hard then.”

For a moment, Hannibal looked like he was going to kiss Will, but something held him back and Will was too nervous to inquire further. So they walked on in silence, arm in arm.

They found the aquarium’s main restaurant located alongside the large, central tank where the whale sharks were kept. Looking over the menu, Will understood why Hannibal had been so insistent that they not ruin their appetites at the aquarium. Whatever his other intentions were for this evening, there was little here that could tempt someone like him. If it wasn’t fried, it was served in alfredo sauce or on a bun. So instead of food, they ordered coffee and sat together at a small bistro table as the hulking forms of the aquarium’s four whale sharks floated by.

“Beautiful creature if not quite so beautiful as *our* shark.”

“Yeah.” Will said growing sad. It was hard to remember the shark without thinking of her rotting corpse hanging over the pier, and harder still to keep thoughts of Michelle at bay. That was one more life he was responsible for. What a mess he’d made of everything by falling prey to popular myth and folk legend. He should have seen Michelle coming. Should have known a single shark could have never been responsible for that many deaths. Only a human was capable of that degree of manslaughter.

“Shame she had to die. A shame both of them had to die.” Hannibal said as their coffee arrived.

The waitress looked at them in alarm. Will gave her a smile he hoped would seem reassuring, but she fled after the coffee was dropped off without waiting around for the explanation.

“You disagree,” Hannibal observed noting Will’s lack of response when he mentioned the “good” doctor.

“It’s a shame the families of the victims won’t get the satisfaction of a trial, but no, I don’t think the world is lacking for the absence of a rabid animal."

"Can I assume we are not talking about our shark?"

Will sipped at his drink in silence.

Hannibal was quiet and no longer looking at Will with the eyes of a lovesick puppy. He’d stepped back from the role of boyfriend, or whatever they were to each other now, and back

into the role of psychiatrist, which Will didn't mind. There was a question he wanted to ask Hannibal—one requiring the objectivity of a man of science, not a lover.

"Is that how you felt when Michelle—when Doctor Hendrix died?" Hannibal asked trying to make this less personal by using more formal language, given his own relationship to the deceased. "I realize we haven't talked about her since the reports were filed."

"Yes." Will said with a steady voice as a large shadow passed overhead, momentarily blotting out the artificial blue light that rained down on them. He knew it was a shark. He could sense it like he could sense his own inner predator lurking inside his chest. The difference between them was that the whale shark that floated overhead didn't have teeth...he did.

In the past, Will had tried to argue that he felt righteous when he fired a gun in the line of duty, and in those instances, he was still sure that was mostly accurate. But he'd had three days to think about how it had felt when he shot Doctor Hendrix...when he shot *Michelle* . Hannibal had called it a mercy killing, but Will hadn't felt merciful when he fired the gun. *He felt satisfied.* He also didn't deny that he felt it appropriate that her body had been eaten by the sharks she had pinned her murders on. He knew jealousy played a part. Even now he found himself staring at Hannibal's neck and the place where she'd left a very large, angry suck-mark on him the night they'd slept together. Will had a lot of reasons for wanting Michelle gone and not all of them served justice. He knew that, but accepting it was harder.

"Why was she different? What changed?" Hannibal pressed.

'You know why she was different,' he felt like saying, but he worried Hannibal would think poorly of him if he knew Will had made such an unthinkable choice partially out of envy. That had not been his only reason for pulling the trigger, thank Christ, which meant he had not become a total monster...yet. But that day might still be coming. "I changed," he answered intending to pull Hannibal's focus away from Michelle. This was about him after all and whether he was still sane enough to continue doing his job. "Often, I worry that when *I look* at a killer, I associate too closely with them. I worry that when the moment comes, I won't be able to pull the trigger because I can't justify killing them. I didn't experience that with her. I didn't feel bad this time—not when I pulled the trigger. The reasons were so clear.

"You wanted her dead," Hannibal said and raised his coffee to his lips such that Will couldn't see whether or not he was frowning. Their waitress was frowning as she took an order from a nearby table, well within earshot.

"I wanted her stopped. Some animals can't be stopped unless they're dead, not when they are sick."

"A true statement," he said setting his coffee down. "I'm happy to hear this Will. Despite how distracted I may appear, I've been quite concerned about you in the wake of this adventure. You're evolving and becoming more distant from your work. That's good, very good."

"You think so?" Here was the moment he'd been dreading. Will clenched a fist beneath the table and prepared to ask his question. "Earlier, you said you were worried about *what I was*

becoming when I slip away. What did you mean?" Will had his own theories and none of them were pleasant. He still remembered his dreams onboard the *Jonah*, the ones where he became a monster like the other Hannibal, the one resembling a shark.

"Evidently, I was wrong. It can happen from time to time," Hannibal chuckled.

"Hannibal," Will reprimanded sensing the moment slipping away from him as Hannibal pursued his own entertainment. "What did you think I was becoming?"

Hannibal looked down at his own hands before meeting Will's gaze. "Nothing you need worry about. You are becoming exactly who you need to be," his said and Will froze. He couldn't look away, and he couldn't breathe. Hannibal's eyes looked like polished black stones under the blue aquarium lighting. His pale skin had turned grey. Hannibal looked so much like the creature from his dreams—the sharkman—Will feared he would be pulled into another episode by whatever ailment was affecting his brain. But the present stayed rooted to a fixed place.

"What do I need to be?" Will asked still transfixed by Hannibal's transformation. He knew Jack wanted him to be some sort of avenging angel. Bev saw him as a scientist. Alana valued him as a friend. What did Hannibal want? A lover? A patient? A partner?

"Someone who can go to work every morning and leave that work behind him in the evening. Someone who has found balance in themselves," Hannibal said with a small shrug of his large shoulders and a mournful, childish look at his empty cup of coffee, shattering the illusion of perfect professionalism.

Will laughed. It was a shockingly banal answer for Hannibal, like something you'd read out of a fortune cookie. And yet, it was comforting knowing that despite the gory specifics of his job, at the end of the day, the goal of therapy was universal.

"Now there is a species I recognize," Hannibal said changing subjects and pointing to a small shark who'd come to investigate the pair. It was a little blacktip like the one Will had—

"You eviscerated one like that, did you not?" Hannibal said finishing Will's thought. This occurred at the exact same moment their poor waitress was dropping off their check, which Hannibal snapped up before Will could intercept him.

"Leave her a good tip, will you? Since she obviously thinks we're serial killers," Will complained as their waitress fled in terror.

"Nonsense. She only thinks *you* are a serial killer."

Will rolled his eyes. She should join the club. He was sure Freddy already had the T-shirts printed. "Are you planning on framing me for all your other murders too?"

"That was my plan, yes, but now that we are dating, I suppose I'll have to find a new patsy," Hannibal joked.

They got up and began walking towards the exit. The impromptu therapy session ended, Hannibal asked to hold Will's hand as they departed. An elderly couple in their Sunday best glared at the two men as they walked past. Will glared back in response but was pulled away by Hannibal before he could speak his mind.

"We should make a habit of this," Hannibal said with shinning eyes.He had locked their fingers together and was strumming his thumb across the joints of Will's index finger, clearly less upset by the incident. Something had delighted him just now. Something Will had missed.

"The Baltimore Aquarium is pretty large and a bit more diverse," Will said raising his voice for the couple in the back. Hannibal's hand around his felt too real. Too solid. He needed a distraction, and if he wasn't allowed to fight, that left prattling. "What we saw today were mostly pacific sharks besides the blacktips which are pretty much global."

"Are there any Great Whites?"

Will shook his head. "No. All captive Great Whites have died either of depression or starvation, unless they were released back into the wild. They need to be free to be happy."

"I can sympathize," Hannibal said giving Will's hand a squeeze.

'Me too,' Will thought as he and Hannibal left the aquarium together.

Release

Chapter Summary

> Back at their hotel rooms, things get a little "out of hand" between Hannibal and Will. #SorryNotSorry

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal was wired by the time they returned to the hotel, nearly bouncing out of his loafers as he walked. Whatever dinner he had planned, he was certainly excited about it.

They got off on the thirty-fourth floor and stepped into a hallway which was much nicer than the rest of the building. Will noticed there were only two doors on this floor and had a dreadful feeling about the “premium room” Hannibal had booked them into.

“Tell me you didn't book us into the penthouse.”

“Not for lack of trying. It was already booked, but the woman assured me this was an adequate substitute,” Hannibal said sounding annoyed.

“Wait? You weren’t pissed about the money? You were pissed about not being able to spend *more money?”* Will's earlier confidence that this relationship could work was setting with the sun. Hannibal was a man of large and expensive appetites. Will wasn't sure if he would get used to that or if Hannibal could find pleasure in the simpler entertainments that he enjoyed.

“If I am expected to pay premium rates, I expect premium accommodations, and I will have words for this hotel manager if this room does not meet expectations. Now, let’s see what we have to work with,” he said as the lock popped open with a swipe of the keycard.

The door opened onto a multi-room suite with a full kitchen and dining room, which triggered another fight about the room choice as soon as they’d crossed over the threshold.

“It was the only available room that came with a kitchen,” Hannibal explained. “And after a month of living in wartime conditions, I think you ought to allow me this indulgence, Will.”

“You’ll be home tomorrow!” Will complained peeking through the curtains at a sunset view of the Atlanta skyline.

“Yes! And so will you.” Hannibal said coming up behind him. He had his hands on Will’s shoulders, as he leaned in and rubbed his nose into Will’s hair. “Do you understand? Let me have one more night with you before we return to our former lives.”

Will swallowed. This was what he had been afraid of. “Are you suggesting...we…?” It’s not that he didn’t want to...to sleep with Hannibal. He was fairly sure he would want that eventually. But he’d never been with a man. Hannibal was obviously more experienced in that area. He didn’t know how to be good at it. That scared him. And he wanted to be good at it for Hannibal. That scared him even more. Will felt himself changing every day in so many different and complicated ways.

"Not at all,” Hannibal said to Will’s surprise and dismay. “I meant what I said about waiting for you to be ready. I just want to cook for you, Will. Tonight. Here. Before we return to work, your dogs, my caseload…” Hannibal said and took a small nibble on Will’s ear. “I want to feed you, just one more time before you make any decisions about us.”

With the curtains drawn, they could see their reflections in the floor length windows overlooking the city, and what Will saw made him long for their small berth onboard the *Jonah.* “You look like the one who’s hungry,” he quipped craning his neck to the left, providing Hannibal with more access should he be inclined to test other waters.

Hannibal hesitated then lifted one hand away from Will’s shoulder and relocated it to his hip. “You make it very hard for a man to behave,” he said, his voice hoarse and almost cruel.

“Have I ever asked you to be an angel?” Will replied.

Hannibal breathed out raggedly. “No.”

They stood there in silence regarding each other through their wraithlike reflections in the window until Will reached around and gave Hannibal’s thigh a squeeze.

“What do you want, Will?” Hannibal asked still nosing at Will’s hair like a cat scenting a new possession.

“Kiss me.”

“Simple enough.” Hannibal made eye contact with Will’s mirror image as he kissed his cheek then slowly moved down his face. His open-mouthed kisses grew longer and deeper as he moved towards Will’s neck.

“Fuck,” Will cursed when Hannibal kissed his neck. He felt at first as if he had been bitten, but that would come later, many minutes later, after Hannibal had made the flesh there pink and swollen with his lips. Will felt Hannibal’s teeth press benignly against his flesh—questioning.

Will nodded at Hannibal’s reflection and watched the expressions on both their faces with distant fascination as Hannibal bit down and sucked. It was like a scene out of some gothic horror movie. Hannibal appearing out of the night to claim his vampire bride. Will, face tilted up and his mouth fluttering open in painted ecstasy. Both hungry. Both caught on the other’s hook.

Hannibal drew back and tightened his grip on Will’s shoulder. “Stay with me,” he hissed at his ear. “I would hate to think that you weren’t present for this.” Then Hannibal’s hand was

on the move, creeping down the front of Will's pants and undoing his belt and zipper.

"I'm present," Will groaned as Hannibal wrapped his hand around his dick and gave it two long tugs. "I'm so fucking present."

Hannibal laughed darkly and returned to nibbling lightly on Will's ears and bruised neck while he stroked him to a full erection. "How is it? How do you feel, Will?"

"I could cum like this," Will said languidly and flexed his cock in Hannibal's hand. He wasn't about to, not anytime soon, but he could feel his orgasm gathering in the distance like a storm cloud. Part of him had worried that he wouldn't be able to—that what had passed between them onboard the *Jonah* was the product of the fever and adrenaline crash following Michelle's execution at sea. That worry seemed so silly now. What had he been so afraid of? This felt so right.

"You could...but you won't," Hannibal said and Will could hear the Cheshire grin in his command.

Will wondered if that was what Hannibal liked in bed, to give the orders. He had certainly been bossy enough about giving them in the galley these last four weeks. But the image of Hannibal strutting home after his tête-à-tête with Michelle materialized in Will's mind as clear as if he'd been taken by another one of his fevers. Hannibal had come home that night, the night of their first *disastrous* kiss, looking a mess and as bruised as a week-old banana. The memory pulled at Will, hooked him right in the stomach where a growing appetite for Hannibal was being nurtured. He remembered the marks on Hannibal's neck and wrists indicating he had been previously bound that evening, so *clearly* he didn't mind being ordered around *sometimes*. But would he obey Will's orders?

Will thought about the way Hannibal reacted to him reacting to the couple at the aquarium. Will had been furious at them for their bigotry while Hannibal had seemed...rather pleased at the time—as if he liked that Will had acted protectively. It was a different power dynamic than what Will was used to between them. Hannibal had always been HIS paddle, HIS protector.

"I won't," Will said mirroring Hannibal's bemused tone to create ambiguity in his reply, which could have been a question or an acknowledgment of Hannibal's command.

Hannibal grunted, affected by Will's reply in a way Will did not consciously understand. "How would you like me to finish you then?" Hannibal asked as the hand on Will's shoulder pulled Will closer to his own body. Will could feel Hannibal's erection pressing against his backside. *He'd fuck me if I asked him to.* But Will didn't think he was ready for that. Truth be told, he thought he might be more interested in doing the fucking, but he didn't think he was quite ready for that either. This was all happening so fast. A month ago, Will hadn't even been sure they were anything more than colleagues. Now, little over a week after their first kiss, Hannibal had his hand down Will's pants and was propositioning him for sex. What a strange journey this trip had taken them on.

Will swiveled his head towards Hannibal searching for Hannibal's lips while he grappled with his choices. Hannibal was all too willing to expertly oblige him, which made up Will's

mind for him in the end.

“Your mouth,” Will whispered when he finally came up for air. He leaned his forehead against Hannibal’s and closed his eyes. “I want your mouth.”

Hannibal shivered. “God above,” he let go of Will’s cock and tipped his face up so he could better crush their mouths together. Any worry that Will had disappointed Hannibal by not being ready for sex yet, was eased by the veracity of his kiss. “How could I have thought that you were—never mind,” Hannibal said cutting himself off.

“Straight?” Will offered with a laugh.

“Not what I was going to say, and let’s leave it at that. You are a marvel, Will. A gift. I was a fool to think I could ever do without you.”

Will blushed and looked away. “Now you’re just making this weird.”

“There are far weirder things to come, dear Will...***my dear Will*** ,” he said and laid a kiss on the corner of Will’s mouth.

“No! No pet names. And no epitaphs! If I hear one word or Latin from you, ***ever***, I will gut you like that little blacktip from the boat.”

“Part of me would love to see you try...especially after today,” Hannibal said before he spun Will around and dropped to his knees.

Will looked down at Hannibal, enjoying the angle. “Oh? You think you’re that good.”

Hannibal tugged Will’s pants down. “I know I am. Is this okay? Or would you prefer another position? Ordinarily, I’d blow you with your pants on...but, the zipper. Who still buys pants with zippers?”

It was strange hearing Hannibal use such coarse language. It was almost like he became another person when he was aroused. But it was better than Latin Will supposed. “It’s fine, just help me step out of them. I don’t like things around my ankles.”

“Too restrictive?” Hannibal smirked and helped Will step out of his pants and boxers. “That’s a shame. I’d have enjoyed tying you up.”

Will was sure he would. To keep Will from sleepwalking off the side of the boat, Hannibal had come up with the idea of handcuffing Will to the bed every night. Now, Will understood why the good doctor’s first instinct had been to resort to bondage. “You’ve already gotten to, several times, need I remind you,” Will said and used Hannibal’s shoulders for balance. Hannibal was so firm beneath his hands, and much more muscular than Will had realized. “Hannibal, do you...work out?”

Hannibal stiffened. “I swim,” he answered cautiously. “Why do you ask?”

Will shrugged. “I just never thought you’d be jacked.”

Hannibal was sitting on his own feet looking up at Will. The angle made his neck look long and vulnerable. Will was tempted to place his hands there for some reason but left them sitting on Hannibal's shoulders instead.

"There are many things that are true of me that you've probably never thought about. I'm looking forward to introducing them to you. Starting with…," Hannibal said and lifted Will's dick up, which had gone flaccid during the intermission, due to nerves. Hannibal licked up the length of the shaft. He paused to suck on the frenulum until Will started to get hard again, then inserted the tip into his mouth.

Will watched in fascination as his dick disappeared down Hannibal's throat. He was slow about it and never broke eye contact adding to the intensity. When he had gone as far as he could, he pulled back and dragged his tongue across the seam. Hannibal repeated the process several times, sometimes adding his hand to the mix when he felt like changing up the rhythm. Will swayed on his feet. It was a strange sensation, growing hard in Hannibal's mouth. Will had had blow jobs before, but only after he was already erect. Sometimes Hannibal would tilt his head and try to smile resulting in the flash of one of his large, pronounced canines. It was almost threatening in the way he bared his teeth like that, but then his lips would clamp down around the head of Will's dick, creating a vacuum, and he would suck. Will went weak in the knees every time it happened and had to lean on Hannibal's shoulders just to stay standing.

This went on for as long as Will could manage, but Hannibal was relentless and ***very*** good at giving head.

"I'm going to cum soon," Will warned in case Hannibal wanted to pull away.

Hannibal's hands slid up Will's thighs and came to rest on his ass. He gave Will's butt a gentle squeeze in acknowledgment. However, he had slowed down some too, making release harder. Perhaps he was also trying to prolonge this moment, but Will had reached the point of no return and ached for his climax.

"Hannibal," Will whined, but Hannibal ignored him so Will took matters into his own hands. "I want to fuck you. Just a little." Will felt another squeeze.

He placed one hand on the back of Hannibal's neck, but kept his other hand on Hannibal's shoulder for support. He thrust his hips forward as gently as he could make himself, not wanting to make Hannibal gag. It felt glorious, and Hannibal didn't seem to mind, so he did it again. And again. And again.

Five pumps later he was spilling himself down Hannibal's throat. If Will had been entranced before by the sight of his dick in Hannibal's mouth, it was nothing compared to the look of him now. The muscles of Hannibal's throat constricted and undulated like a snake as he worked to swallow every last drop of semen Will had to offer, but it was his eyes that stopped Will's heart. His eyes burned with a hunger Will had only seen in the eyes of sharks and killers. Will nearly came again just by looking at him. "You're beautiful," he whispered. Hannibal closed his eyes until he was finished swallowing all of him. His cheeks were flush with lust and what looked like embarrassment.

When Will was spent, he helped Hannibal to his feet. The hugged briefly, almost platonically, before separating.

“What about you?” Will asked and looked down at Hannibal’s crotch.

Hannibal closed the gap between them, moving like a viper. Will didn’t understand until Hannibal snapped up his hand and pressed it to his dick. The fabric beneath Will’s fingers was wet. Will’s eyes widened. But...how?

“Surprised me too. I didn’t think I was young enough to come untouched anymore,” Hannibal said at Will’s ear.

“I don’t think I was ever young enough,” Will admitted feeling baffled and a little intimidated.

Hannibal had not yet released Will’s hand or let him step away. “If I am beautiful it is nothing —***nothing***—to how you seem to me when you are standing above me gleaming whole and deadly. Will…,”

Neither knew what else to say or how to move forward. It was an awkward end to a magical day, but Will had a suspicion there would be more of those in their futures while they worked to figure this out. And they would figure this out. Something told Will they were meant for each other.

“I think though that I will shower before dinner,” Hannibal finally said releasing them from their silence. He let Will go and began walking towards the master bedroom.

“I’m surprised you’re still hungry,” Will said as he rounded up his clothes.

Hannibal paused in the doorway and looked back over his shoulder. He paused to wipe a speck of semen off his chin with his finger and sucked it clean. “For you, ***my dear Will***, always.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for joining me on this little side trip, everyone! If you enjoyed Hunger, I'd love to hear from you!

Now, onto the big question. Will there be more Maneater? Answer: quite probably. There exist two small outlines for another two timestamps set between Hunger and Survivor so I'd say the chances are pretty good. When? I don't know. Right now, I'm working on a sci-fi, a Harry Potter AU, Remember the Ravenstags: Evolution, and a Baywatch ABO (oh yeah, you read that right) so if you are a fan, I encourage you to

subscribe to the whole series to get an update on Omnivore and Havoc when they finally publish.

But there is one last thing I must do before closing the lid (for now) on Maneater, and a certain someone is really not going to like it. My one major regret with these Maneater timestamps is that I don't have the opportunity to show you both POV's like I did in Maneater, and that leaves me feeling like Hannibal is getting away with something here that he shouldn't be. So sorry, Hannibal, I'm blowing your cover wide open because you haven't earned nice things yet:

“I want your mouth," Will said, his voice low and bossy.

Hannibal shivered involuntarily and blinked, aghast, at his own behavior. “God above,” he said letting go of Will’s cock. He tipped Will's face towards him so he could look at him better but even that failed. The moment he looked into Will's grey eyes, Hannibal lost his restraint. He brought their lips together with brutal force until biology and the need to breathe forced them to part. “How could I have thought that you were—," he stopped himself from finishing that sentence. *'Disposable. How could I have thought that you were disposable?'* Because that's all Will Graham HAD meant to him. He was a useful pawn, a passing entertainment, and perhaps, at times, a friend. Never did he dream that Will would...that Will would become... "Nevermind," he said unable to answer even his own thoughts while Will was caged in his arms. It didn't matter now. He had changed, and if he could change...**so would Will.**

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